Micro-cynicon.

SIXE SNAR-

ling Satyres.

Insatiat	*Cron.*
Prodigall	*Zodon.*
Insolent	*Superbia.*
Cheating	*Droone.*
Ingling	*Pyander.*
Wise	*Innocent.*

Ad sis pulcher homo canis hic tibi pulcher emendo.



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His defiance to Enuy.

ÈNuy, which makſt thy ſelfe in commõ guiſe,
To haunt deſeruers, and to hunt deſarts,
Hard-ſoft, cold-hot, well-euill, fooliſh-wiſe,
Miſſe çontrarities agreeing parts.

Auant I ſay, ile anger thee inough,
And fold thy firy-eyes in thy ſmazkie ſnufe,

His defiance to Enuy.

Defiance, reſolution and neglects,
True trine of barres againſt thy falſe aſſault,
Defies, reſolues defiance and reiects
Thy intereſt to claime the ſmalleſt fault.

Thou lawleſſe landlady, poore Prodigall,
Sowre ſolace, Credits Crack,
Feares Feſtiuall.

More

His defiance to Enuy.

More angry Satyr-dayes ile muſter vp,
Then thou canſt challenge letters in thy name:
My Negrum true borne inck no more ſhall ſup,
Thy ſtayned blemiſh, charracterd in blame.

My pens two nebs ſhall turne vnto a forke,
Chaſing old *Enuy* from ſo young a worke:
I but the Authors mouth bid thee auaunt,
He more defies thy Hate, thy hūt, thy haunt.

T. M. Gent.

The Authors Prologue.

1. *Booke.*

DIſmounted from the hie aſpiring hils,
Which the all emptie airie Kingdome fils,
Leauing the ſcorched moũtains threatning heuẽ
Frõ whence fel fierie rage my ſoule hath driuẽ:
Paſſing the downe ſteepe vallies all in haſt,
Haue tript it through the woods: & now at laſt

Am

Am vaild with a ſtonie ſanctuarie,
To ſaue my Ire ſtuft ſoule leaſt it miſcarie:
From threating ſtormes ore'turning veritie,
That ſhames to ſee truthes refined puritie:
Thoſe open plains, thoſe hie skie kiſſing mouts,
Wher huffing winds caſt vp their airy accounts
Were too too open, ſhelter yeelding none,
So that the blaſts did tyrannize vpon

The

The Authors Prologue.

The naked Carkaſſe of my heauie ſoule,
And with their furie all my all contr oule,
But now enuiron'd with a brazen Tower,
I little dread their ſtormie raging power:
Witneſſe this blacke defying Embaſſie,
That wanders them beforne in maieſtie:
Vndaunted of their bugbare threatning words,
Whoſe proud aſpiring vaunts, time paſt records.

Now

The Authors Prologue.

Now windie Parasites or the the slaues of wine,
That wind from al things saue the truth diuine,
Winde turne and tosse into the depth of spight,
Your diuellish venome cannot me affright:
It is a Cordiall of a Candie taste,
Ile drinke it vp, and then let't run at waste.

Whose

The Authors Prologue.

Whoſe drugie Lees mixt with the liquid flood,
Of muddy fell defiance as it ſtood,
Ile belch into your throates all open wide,
Whoſe gaping ſwallow nothing runs beſide:
And if it venome, take it as you liſt:
He ſpights himſelfe, that ſpights a Satyriſt.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

Inſatiat *Cron.*

Satyre 1.

Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te diuite.

TIme was, when down declining toothleſſe age,
Was of a holy and diuine preſage:
Diuining prudent and foretelling truth,
In ſacred points, inſtructing wandring youth.
But oh detraction of our latter daies,
How much from veritie this age eſtraies?

Satyre 1.

Raunging the bryerie deſarts of blacke ſin,
Seeking a diſmall caue to reuell in.
This latter age or member of that rime,
Of whom my ſnarling muſe now thūdreth rime
Wandred the brackes vntill a hidden Cell,
He found at length, and ſtill therin doth dwell:
The houſe of gaine inſatiat it is,
Which this hore aged peſant deemes his blis:
Oh that deſire might hunt amongſt that fur,
It ſhould go hard but he would looſe a cur:
To rowſe the fox, hid in a bramble buſh, (puſh:
Who frighteth conſcience with a wrimouth'd
But what need I to wiſh or would it thus,
When I may find him ſtarting at the burs:
Where he infecteth other pregnant wits,
Making them Coheires to his damned fits.
There may you ſee this writhen faced maſſe,
Of rotten mouldring clay, that prating aſſe:
That riddles wonders meere compact of lies,
Of heauen, of hell, of earth and of the skies:

Satyre 1.

Of heauen thus he reasons: heauen there's none,
Vnles it be within his mantion.
Oh there is heauen: why? becauſe theres gold,
That from the late to this laſt age controld,
The maſſie ſcepter of Earthes hauenly round,
Exiling forth her ſiluer paued bound,
The Leaders, brethren, brazen counterfets,
That in this golden age contempt begets:
Vaunt then I mortall I, I onely King,
And golden God of this eternall being.
Of *Hell Cymerian* thus *Anarus* reasons:
Though hell be hot, yet it obſerueth ſeaſons:
Hauing within his Kingdome reſidence,
Ore which his godhead hath preheminence:
An obſcure angell of his Heauen it is,
Wherein's containd that Hell deuouring bliss:
Into this Hell ſometimes an Angell fals,
Whoſe white aſpect black forlorn ſoules appals
And that is, when a Saint beleeuing gold,
Old in that heauen, yong in being old.

Satyre 1.

Falls headlong downe into that pit of woe,
Fit for ſuch damned creatures ouerthrow.
To make this publike that obſcured lies,
And more apparant vulgar ſecrecies:
To make this plaine, harſh vnto common wits,
Simplicitie in common iudgement ſits.
This down-caſt angell, or declining ſaint,
Is greedy *Croome*, when *Cron* makes his compt:
For his poore creditors falne to decay,
Being bankerouts, take heeles and run away.
Then franticke *Cron*, gald to the very hart,
In ſome by corner playes a diuels part:
Repining at the loſſe of ſo much pelfe,
And in a humor goes and hangs himſelfe.
So of a ſaint, a diuell *Cron* is made,
The diuel lou'd *Cron*, and *Cron* the diuels trade.
Thus may you ſee ſuch angels often fall,
Making a working day a feſtiuall.
Now to the third point of his deitie,
And that's th'earth, thus reaſons credulitie:

Credulous

Satyre 1.

Credulous *Cron*, *Cron* credulous in all,
Sweares that his kingdome is in generall.
As he is Regent of this Heauen and Hell,
So of the Earth, all others hee'le expell:
The Skies at his diſpoſe, the Earth his owne,
And if *Cron* pleaſe, all muſt be ouerthrowne.
Cron, *Crō*, aduiſe thee *Crō* with the copper noſe,
And be not rulde ſo much by falſe ſuppoſe:
Leaſt *Crons* profeſſing holineſſe turne euil,
And of a falſe god, proue a perfect diuil.
I prithee *Cron* find out ſome other talke,
Make not the Burſe a place for ſpirits to walke:
For doubtleſſe if thy damned lies take place,
Deſtruction followes, farwell ſacred grace.
Th'Exchāge for goodly Merchāts is appointed
Why not for me ſayes *Cron*, & mine annointed?
Can Marchants thriue and not the *Vſe'r* nie?
Can Marchants liue without my companie?
No *Cron* helps all, and *Cron* hath help frō none,
What others haue is *Crons*, & *Crons* his owne.

Satyre 1.

And *Cron* will hold his owne, or't ſhal go hard,
The diuel will helpe him for a ſmall reward:
The diuels helpe, oh tis a mightie thing,
If he but ſay the word, *Cron* is a King.
Oh then the diuel is greater yet then hee,
I thought as much, the diuel would maſter bee.
And reaſon too (ſaith *Cron*) for what care I,
So I may liue as God, and neuer die.
Yea golden *Cron*, death will make thee away,
And each dog *Cron*, muſt haue a dying day.
And with this reſolution I bequeath thee,
To God or to the diuel, and ſo I leaue thee.

Satyre 2.

Satyre 2.

Prodigall *Zodon*

WHo knowes not *Zodon*; *Zodon*, what is he?
The true borne child of inſatietie. (where?
If true borne, when? if borne at all, ſay (yeare,
Where conſcience beg'd in worſt time of the
His name yong Prodigall, ſon to greedy gaine:
Let bloud by folly, in a contrary vaine.
For ſcraping *Cron*, ſeeing he needs muſt die,
Bequeathed all to prodigallitie.
The will once prou'd, and he poſſeſt of all,
Who then ſo gallant as yong Prodigall?
Mounted aloft on flattering *Fortunes* wings,
Where like an Nightingale ſecure he ſings:
Floating on Seas of ſcarce proſperitie,
In girt with pleaſures ſweete tranquillitie.
Sute vpon ſute, ſatten too too baſe,
Veluet laid on with gold or ſiluer lace:
A meane man doth become, but yee muſt ride
In cloth of fyned gold, and by his ſide

Satyre 2.

Two footmen at the leaſt, with choiſe of ſteeds,
Attired when ſhe rides in gorgeous weeds.
Zodon muſt haue his Charrot gilded ore,
And when he triumphes, fowre bare before,
In pure white Satten to vſher out his way,
To make him glorious on his progreſſe day,
Vaile bonnet he that doth not paſſing by,
Admiring on that Sunne inriching skie,
Two dayes incag'd at leaſt in ſtrongeſt hold,
Storme he that liſt, he ſcornes to be controld.
What is it lawfull that a mounted begger,
May vncõtrolled thus beare ſway and ſwagger?
A baſe borne iſſue of a baſer ſyer:
Bred in a cottage, wandring in the myer,
With nailed ſhooes, and whipſtaffe in his hand,
Who with a hey and tee the beaſts command:
And being ſeuen years practizde in that trade,
At ſeuen yeares end by *Tom* a iournyes made,
Vnto the Citie of faire *Troynouant*,
Where through extremitie of need and want,

Hees

Satyre 2.

Hees forc't to trot with fardle at his backe,
From houſe to houſe, demaunding if they lacke
A poore yong man that's willing to take paine,
And mickle labour, though for little gaine.
Well, ſome kind *Troyan* thinking he hath grace,
Keepes him himſelfe, or gets ſome other place.
The world now god be thanked's wel amended
Want that erewhile did want, is now befrended.
And ſcraping *Cron* hath got a world of welth,
Now what of that, *Cron's* dead, wher's al his pelf?
Bequeathed to yong prodigall: That's well,
His God hath left him, and he's fled to hell:
See goulden ſoules, the end of ill got gaine,
Reade and marke well, to do the like refraine.
This youthful gallant like the prince of pleaſure,
Floting on golden ſeas of earthly treaſure:
Treaſure ill got by miniſtring of wrong,
Made a faire ſhow, but endured not long.
Ill got, worſe ſpent, gotten by deceit:
Spent on laſciuions wantons which await,

Satyre 2.

And hourely expect ſuch prodigallitie,
Luſt breathing leachers giuen to venerie.
No day expired but *Zodon* hath his trull,
He hath his tyt, and ſhe likewiſe her gull.
Gull he, Trull ſhe, oh tis a gallant age,
Men may haue hacknyes of good carriage:
Prouided that their rayne a golden ſhower,
Then come whoſe will, at th'appointed hower.
Hower me no howers, howers breake no ſquare,
Where gold doth rai[illegible], [illegible]re to find thē there.
Well: *Zodon* hath his pleaſure, he hath gold,
Young in his gc[illegible]en age, in ſin too old:
Now he wants gold, all his treaſures done,
Hees baniſhed the Stewes, pittie findes none.
Rich yeſterday in wealth, this day as poore,
To morrow like to beg from doore to doore.
See youthfull ſpendthrifts all your brauery,
Euen in a moment turnd to miſery.

Satyre 3.

Insolent *Superbia*.

LIst ye profane faire painted images,
Predestinated by the destenies,
At your first being to fall eternallie
Into *Cymerian* black obscuritie.
Ilfauoured Idols, Pride anatomie,
Foule coloured puppets, balls of infamie:
Whome zealous soules do racket too and fro,
Sometimes aloft ye flye, otherwhiles below:
Banded into the ayres loose continent:
Where hard vpbearing winds hold parlament.
For such is the force of downe declining sin,
Where our short feathered peacocks wallow in.
That when sweete motions vrge them to aspire,
They are so bathed ore by sweete desire
In the odiferous fountaine of sweete pleasure,
Wherein delight hath all embalmd her treasure.
I meane where Sin the mistris of disgrace,
Hath residence, and her abiding place.

And

Satyre 3.

And ſin though it be foule, yet faire in this,
In being painted with a ſhow of blis.
For what more happie creature to the eie,
Then is *Superbia* in her brauerie?
Yet who more foule diſrobed of attire?
Perld with the botch as children burnt with fire,
That for their outward cloake vpon the skin,
Worſer enormities abound within.
Looke they to that, truth tels them there amis,
And in this glaſſe, all telling truth it is.
Whē welcome Spring had clad the hils in green,
And pretty whiſtling birds were heard and ſeen,
Superbia abrode gan take her walke:
With other peacocks for to finde her talke.
Kyron that in a buſh lay cloſely couched,
Heard all their chat, and how it was auouched:
Siſter ſayes one, and ſoftly packt away,
In what faire company did you dine to day?
Mongſt gallāt dames, & then ſhe wipes her lips,
Placing both hands vpon her whalebone hips,

Puft

Satyre 3.

Puft vp with a round circling farthingale,
That done: ſhe gins go forward with her tale:
Sitting at table caru'd of walnut tree,
All couered with damaskt naperie,
Garniſht with ſaults of pure beaten gould,
Whoſe ſiluer plated edge of rareſt mould,
Mou'd admiration in my ſearching eie,
To ſee the goldſmiths ritch artificie.
The Butlers placing of his manchets white,
The plated cupbord for our more delight.
Whoſe goulden bewty glauncing from on hie,
Illuminated other chambers nie.
The ſlowly pacing of the ſeruing men,
Which were appointed to attend vs then,
Holding in either hand a ſiluer diſh,
Of coſtly cates of farfetcht daintie fiſh,
Vntill they do approch the table nye,
Where the appointed caruer carefully
Diſchargeth them of their full freighted hands,
Which inſtantly vpon the table ſtands.

The

Satyre 3.

The muſick ſweet which al that while did ſound,
Rauiſh the hearers, and their ſence confound.
This done, the maſter of that ſumptuous feaſt,
In order gins to place his welcome geſt.
Bewtie firſt ſeated in a throne of ſtate,
Vnmatchable diſdaining other mate
Shone like the ſun, wheron mine eies ſtil gazed,
Feeding on her perfections that amazed:
But oh, her ſiluer framed Coronet
With low downe dangling ſpangles all beſet,
Her ſumptuous perewig, her curious curles,
Her hie prizde necklace of entrailed perles:
Her pretious Iewels wondrous to behold,
Her baſeſt Iem framde of the pureſt gold.
Oh I could kill my ſelfe for very ſpight,
That my dim ſtars giue not ſo cleere a light.
Hartburning ire new kindled, bids diſpaire,
Since *Bewtie* liues in her, and I want faire.
Oh had I dyde in youth, or not bin borne,
Rather then liue in hate, and dy'e forlorne.

And

Satyre 3.

And dye I will, therewith she drew a knife
To kill her selfe, but *Kyron* sau'd her life.
See heere proud puppets hie aspiring euils,
Scarse any good, most of you worse then diuels.
Excellent in ill, ill in aduising well,
Wel in thats worst, worse then the worst in hell.
Hell is starke blind, so blind most women bee:
Blinde & yet not blind whē they should not see.
Fine Madam *Tiptoes* in her veluet gowne,
That quotes her paces in Characters downe:
Valuing each step that she had made that day,
Worth twenty shillings in her best aray.
And why forsooth some little durty spot
Hath fell vpon her gowne or petticote.
Perhaps that nothing much, or something little,
Nothing in manies view, in hers a mickle:
Doth thereon surfet, and some day or two
Shees passing sick, and knowes not what to do.
The poore handmaid seeing her mistres wed,
To frantick sicknes, wishes she were dead:

Or

Satyre 3.

Or that her diuelliſh tyranizing fits
May mend, and ſhe enioy her former wits.
For whilſt that *Helth* thus counterfets not well,
Poore here at hand, liues in the depth of hell.
Wher is this baggadge, wher's this girle, what ho
(Quoth ſhe) was euer woman troubled ſo?
What huſwife *Nan*, and then ſhe gins to brall,
Then in comes *Nan*, ſooth miſtris did you call?
Out on thee queane, now by the liuing God,
And then ſhe ſtrikes & on the wench layes load.
Poore ſilly maide with finger in the eye,
Sighing and ſobbing takes all patiently.
Nimble Affection ſtung to the very hart,
To ſee her fellow mate ſuſteine ſuch ſmart,
Flies to the Burſe gate for a match or two,
And ſalues th'amis, there is no more to do.
Quickfooted kindnes, quick as it ſelfe thought
With that wel pleaſing newes but lately bought
By loues aſſiduat care and induſtry,
Into the Chamber runs immediatly.

Where

Satyre 3.

Where ſhe vnlades the fraight of ſweet content,
The hagler pleaſd doth riſe incontinent.
Then thought of ſicknes is not thought vpon,
Care hath no being in her mantion.
But former peacock pride, grand inſolence,
Euen in the higheſt thought hath reſidence.
But it on tiptoe ſtands, well: what of that?
It is more prompt to fall and ruinate:
And fall it will whē deaths ſhrill clamorous bell
Shall ſummon you vnto the depth of hell:
Repent proude Princocks, ceaſe for to aſpire,
Or dye to liue, with Pride in burning fire.

Satyre 4.

Cheating *Droone.*

THere is a Cheater by profeſſion,
That takes more ſhapes then the *Camelion.*
Sometimes he iets it in a black furd gowne,
And that is, when he harbours in the towne.
Sometimes a cloake to mantle hoary age,
Ilfauoured like an ape in ſpightfull rage:
And then he walks in Paules a turne or two,
To ſee by Cheating what his wit can do.
Perhaps heele tell a Gentleman a tale,
Will coſt him twenty angels in the ſale:
But if he know his purſe well linde within,
And by that meanes he cannot finger him,
He'le proffer him ſuch far fet curteſie,
That ſhortly in a Tauerne neighbring by,
He hath encag'd the ſilly Gentleman,
To whom he proffers ſeruice all he can.
Sir, I perceiue you are of gentle bloud,
Therefore I will, our Cates be new and good:

For

Satyre 4.

For well I wot, the Country yeeldeth plenty,
And as they diuers be, ſo are they dainty.
May it pleaſe you then a while to reſt you merry.
Some Cates I will make choiſe of and not tarry.
The ſilly Cunny blith and merrily,
Doth for his kindnes thanke him hartily.
Then hies the Cheater very haſtily,
And with ſome Peſant where he is in fee
Iugles, that dinner being almoſt ended,
He in a matter of weight may then be frended.
The Peſant for an angell then in hand,
Will do what ere his worſhip ſhall command:
And yeelds, that when a reckoning they call in,
To make reply ther's one to ſpeake with him.
The plot is laid, now comes the Cheater back,
And calls in haſt for ſuch things as they lack.
The table fraighted with all dainty cates,
Hauing well fed, they fall to pleaſant chates:
Diſcourſing of the mickle difference,
Twixt perfit truth and painted eloquence.

Satyre 4.

Plaine troth that harbours in the country ſwain
The Cunny ſtands defendant, the Cheaters vain
Is to vphold an eloquent ſmooth toong
To be truths Orator righting euery wrong:
Before the cauſe concluded tooke effect,
In comes a crew of fidling knaues abiect,
The very refuſe of that rabble rout,
Halfe ſhooes vpon their feet torne round about,
Saue little Dicke the dapper ſinging knaue,
He had a threadbare coate to make him braue:
God knowes ſcarce worth a teſter, if it were
Vallewed at moſt, of ſeuen it was too deere.
Well take it as they liſt, ſhakerag came in,
Making no doubt but they would like of him:
And twere but for his perſon a pretty lad
Well qualified, hauing a ſinging trade.
Well ſo it was the Cheater muſt be merry,
And he a ſong muſt haue, cald hey down derry.
So Dick begins to ſing, the fidler play,
The melancholly Cunny replies, nay, nay:

No

Satyre 4.

No more of this: the tother bids play on,
Tis good our ſpirits ſhuld ſomething work vpõ.
Tut gentle ſir, be pleaſant man (quoth he)
Yours be the pleaſure, mine the charge ſhall be.
This do I for the loue of gentlemen,
Hereafter happily if we meete agen,
I ſhall of you expect like curteſie,
Finding fit time and opportunitie:
Or elſe I were vngratefull quoth the cunny,
It ſhall go hard, but we wil find ſome mony.
For ſome we haue, that ſome wel vſd gets more,
And ſo in time we ſhall increaſe our ſtore.
Meane time ſaid he, imploy it to good vſe,
For time ill ſpent, doth purchaſe times abuſe.
With that more wine he calls for and intends
That either of them carouſe to all their frends.
The cunny nods the head, yet ſayes not nay,
Becauſe the other would the charge defray:
The end tryes all, and here begins the ieſt,
My gentleman betooke him to his reſt.

Satyre 4.

Wine tooke poſſeſſiō of his drowſie head, (bed.
And Cheating *Droone* hath brought the foole to
The fidlers were diſchargd, and al things whiſt,
Then pilfring *Droone* gan vſe him as he liſt.
Ten pound he finds, the reckoning he doth pay:
And with the reſidue paſſeth ſheere away.
Anon the Conny wakes, his coyne being gon,
He exclaymes againſt diſſimulation.
But twas too late, the Cheater had his pray,
Be wiſe young heads, care for an afterday.

Satyre 5.

Satyre 5.

Ingling *Pyander.*

AGe hath his infant youth, old trees their (ſprigs,
Oreſpreading brãches their inferior twigs:
Old beldam hath a daughter or a ſonne
True borne, or illegitimate alls one:
Iſſue ſhe hath: the father? aske you mee?
The houſe wide open ſtands, her lodgings free.
Admit my ſelfe for recreation
Sometimes did enter her poſſeſſion,
It argues not that I haue bin the man,
That firſt kept reuels in that mantian,
No no, the hagling common place is old,
The Tenement hath oft bin bought and ſold:
Tis rotten now, earth to earth, duſt to duſt,
Sodoms on fire, and conſume it muſt:
And wanting ſecond reparations,
Pluto hath ceaſd the poore reuertions.
But that hereafter worlds may truly know,
What hemlocks & what rue there erſt did grow:

Satyre 5.

As it is Sathans vſuall pollicie,
He left an iſſue of like quallitie:
The ſtill memoriall if I aime aright,
Is a pale Chequered black *Hermophrodite*.
Sometimes he iets it like a Gentleman,
Otherwhiles much like a wanton Curteſan:
But truth to tell a man or woman whether,
I cannot ſay ſhees excellent in ether.
But if Report may certifie a truth,
Shees nether of ether, but a Cheating youth.
Yet *Troynouant* that all admired towne,
Where thouſands ſtill do trauell vp and downe,
Of Bewties counterfets affoords not one,
So like a louely ſmiling parragon,
As is *Pyander* in a Nymphes attire,
Whoſe rowling eye ſets gazers harts on fire:
Whoſe cherry lip, black brow & ſmiles procure
Luſt burning buzzards to the tempting lure.
What ſhall I cloake ſin with a coward feare,
And ſuffer not *Pyanders* ſin appeare?

Satyre 2.

I will I will : your reaſon ? why, Ile tell,
Becauſe time was, I loued *Pyander* well:
True loue in deed, wil hate loues black defame,
So loathes my ſoule to ſeeke *Pyanders* ſhame.
Oh but I feele the worme of conſcience ſting,
And ſummons me vpon my ſoule to bring
Sinfull *Pyander* into open viewe,
There to receiue the ſhame that will enſue.
Oh this ſad paſſion of my heauie ſoule,
Tormentes my heart, and ſences do controule:
Shame thou *Pyander*, for I can but ſhame,
The meanes of my amiſſe, by thy means came:
And ſhall I then procure eternall blame,
By ſecret cloaking of *Pyanders* ſhame,
And he not bluſh?
By heauen I will not, Ile not burne in hell,
For falſe *Pyander* though I lou'd him well:
No no, the world ſhall know thy villany,
Leaſt they be cheated with like rogery:
Walking the Cittie as my wonted vſe,

Satyre 5.

There was I ſubiect to this foule abuſe,
Troubled with many thoughts pacing along,
It was my chance to ſhoulder in a throng,
Thruſt to the Channel I was, but crowding her,
I ſpide *Pyander* in a Nymphes attire:
No Nymph more faire, then did *Pyander* ſeeme,
Had not *Pyander*, then *Pyander* beene:
No Lady with a fairer face more graced,
But that *Pyanders* ſelfe, himſelfe defaced
Neuer was boy ſo pleaſing to the hart,
As was *Pyander* for a womans part:
Neuer did woman foſter ſuch an other,
As was *Pyander*, but *Pyanders* mother:
Foole that I was in my affection,
More happie I, had it bene a viſion.
So far intangled was my ſoule by loue,
That force perforce, I muſt *Pyander* proue:
The iſſue of which proofe did teſtifie,
Ingling *Pyanders* damned villanie:
I loued indeed, and to my mickle coſt,

Satyre 5.

I loued *Pyander*, ſo my labour loſt.
Faire words I had for ſtore of coyne I gaue,
But not enioyde the fruite I thought to haue.
Oh ſo I was beſotted with her words,
His words that no part of a ſhe affords:
For had he bene a ſhe iniurious boy,
I had not bene ſo ſubiect to annoy.
A plague vpon ſuch filthy gullery,
The world was nere ſo drunke with mockery:
Raſh headed Caualeires learne to be wiſe,
And if you needs will do, do with aduiſe,
Tye not affection to each wanton ſmile,
Leaſt doting Fancie trueſt loue beguile:
Truſt not a painted puppet as I haue done,
Who far more doted then *Pigmalion*:
The ſtreetes are full of iugling paraſites,
With the true ſhape of Virgins counterfets:
But if of force you muſt a hackney hire,
Be curious in your choiſe, the beſt will tire:
The beſt is bad, therefore hire none at all,
Better to go on foot, then ride and fall. *Satyre*

Satyre 6.

Wiſe *Innocent.*

Why for an Innocent ho: what a pure foole?
Not ſo(pure aſſe)aſſe,wher wēt you to ſchoole?
With Innocents, that makes the foole to prate:
Foole will you anv?yes the foole ſhall hate.
Wiſedome what ſhal he haue?the foole at leaſt:
Prouinder for the Aſſe ho: ſtalk vp the beaſt,
What ſhall we haue a railing Innocent?
No gentle gull,a wiſe mans preſident.
Then forward wiſedome,not without I liſt,
Twentie to one,this foole's ſome Satiriſt,
Stil doth the foole haunt me,fond foole be gon,
No I will ſtay,the foole to gaze vpon.
Well foole ſtay ſtill,ſtil ſhall the foole ſtay?no:
Then pack ſimplicitie,good Innocent,why ſo?
Nor go nor ſtay,what will the foole do then?
Vexe him that ſeemes to vexe all other men.
It is impoſſible,ſtreames ꝑ are bard their courſe,
Swel with more rage,& far more greater force:

Vntill

Satyre 6

Vntill there full ſtuft gorge a paſſage makes
Into the wide mawes of more ſcopious lakes:
Spight me: not ſpight it ſelfe can diſcontent,
My ſteeled thoughts, or breed diſparagement:
Had palefac't coward feare bene reſident
Within the boſome of me Innocent:
I would haue houſde me from the eyes of ire,
Whoſe bitter ſpleen vomits forth flames of fire
A reſolute Aſſe, oh for a ſpurring Rider,
A brace of Angels: what is the foole a briber?
Is not the Aſſe yet wearie of his load?
What with once bearing of the foole abroad?
Mount againe Foole: then the Aſſe will tire
And leaue the Foole to wallow in the mire.
Doſt thou think otherwiſe? good Aſſe thē be gō
I ſtay but till the Innocent get on.
What wilt thou needs of the foole bereaue mee?
Then pack good fooliſh Aſſe, & ſo I leaue thee.

FINIS.

Epilouge to the laſt *Satyre* of the firſt booke.

THus may we ſee by folly of the wiſe,
Stumble and fall into fooles paradiſe:
For iocand wit of force muſt iangling bee,
Wit muſt haue his will and ſo had hee.
Wit [illegible] haue his will, yet parting of the fray;
Wit was enioynd to carrie the foole away.

Qui Color albus erat, nunc eſt contrarius albo.

FINIS.

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